

WOMEN Members of Staff of The Evening World WRITE ABOUT That Most Interesting MEN of All Woman's Topics

Margaret Hubbard Ayer  
says  
**The Bachelor**  
who is getting entirely too gay should be branded on the forehead.

English sociologist has composed a law which shall compel all marriageable widows to wear some distinctive garb or sign by which they can be distinguished from the less dangerous members of the feminine sex.

The learned gentleman advocates a nice little silver ring for one of the fingers on the right hand, or else a return to the methods of the savage races who oblige their widows to slit their ears and pull out all their front teeth in order to warn the reckless male who might think her just an ordinary kind of a fascinating woman.

When it becomes necessary for widows to danger signals it is high time to safeguard girls and anxious mammas by branding the bachelor.

A widow may be a dangerous object on the landscape, but a bachelor, particularly a bachelor in the summer time, at the summer hotel or boarding-house, is the pivot of all the feminine thought, the lodestone for all the girls' fancies and the guiding motive for the ingenuity of all the mammas.

What complications would be avoided if a bachelor who is attractive yet wants to remain unattached should wear some little sign upon his forehead which would intimate to everybody around that there were no wedding bells for him!

There could be an entirely new language without words invented which would protect both bachelors, maids and



MARGARET HUBBARD AYER



HELEN ROWLAND



DIANE DE MORGNY



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

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says  
**The Husband**  
that interests other women is himself interested in other women.

lent the attentions of the stray darts of love that sometimes drift between her and her husband, and a sense of humor that prompts her to laugh at them.

After all, there is something distinctly funny in the fluttering and twittering of detached maidens about an attached man. They are, as a rule, so sorry for him. What, they wonder, could he ever have seen in that silly, flighty, neglectful creature he married? "My dear, she doesn't even darn his socks! I saw him the other morning walking along with a great big hole in one heel!" Sometimes this tender commiseration even leads to the purchase of socks or neckwear or slippers.

"Dear Mr. So and So, I saw such a bargain," coos the bargain-counter alien. "I know you would like to take advantage of it, so I took the liberty of ordering it sent to your office." Sometimes the wife of the Husband That Interests Other Women is the

recipient of sage counsel on his behalf. "I met Mr. Jones on my way here," says the caller. "My dear, he looks badly. I think he needs a tonic, or perhaps he ought to get away from business for a few days."

Such are the incidents—there are a thousand of them—that either disturb or amuse the wife of the Husband That Interests Other Women.

They should, of course, amuse her. But when they do not, and she protests indignantly to the proud victim of other women's attentions, how quickly he is able to set everything right by a judicious word of contempt for the cause of contention!

"Poor slob! Why should you let her bother YOU?" And, oh, the reverence, the tenderness, the loyalty that capitalized pronoun contains!

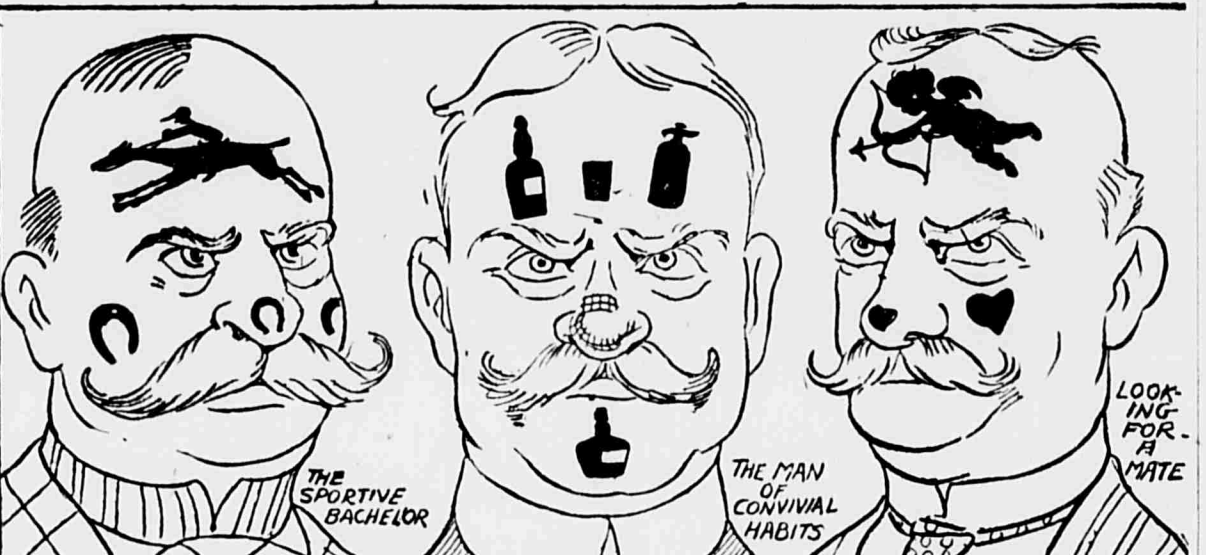
Nevertheless his soul struts proudly in the consciousness that even the cook is not insensible to his manly beauty. This is a type that would be flattered by a lady fly lit on his nose, that would not object to being stung by an old maid mosquito. The wish of a widow across his tomb would wake him from the dead. And if he were left in a museum with a mummified princess of Egypt that lived and loved some 3,000 years ago he would manage to exact a thrill from being alone with her.

Such is the Husband That Interests Other Women. In the contemplation of him his own wife sometimes wonders that he ever interested her.

More generally, however, she blames the Other Women. She might as well blame a fly buzzing around the fly-paper spread to snare it.

Women are practical creatures. The most romantic of us does not follow a cold trail long.

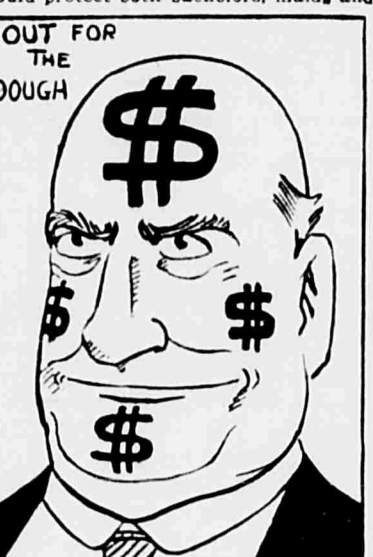
So, my dear madam, if you recognize



A DEVIL AMONG THE WOMEN.



Why Should You Let Her Bother YOU?



mammas from work, worry and expense.

This language would be a court plaster language.

The idea is not original. For in the days of the Georges the position of a court plaster star or moon was full of significance, and many men and women went so far as to have little cones from their lives cut out in court plaster and pasted on their faces. The

**THIS MAN Was Afraid of His Wife**

BERGEANT in one of the Irish infantry regiments has a small but active wife of whom he stands in considerable awe. One day he lost his temper. The object of his wrath was a dog belonging to the wife of one of his superior officers. The lady overheard some of his statements and took him severely to task.

"I'm ought to be ashamed to say such things and to lose your temper with an animal," she said, while the big sergeant looked shamefaced and anxious. "I shall report your language."

"To—her, ma'am?" faltered the perturbed soldier.

"To my husband," said the lady haughtily.

"Do so, ma'am," said the culprit cheerfully. "I will deserve it. I was only fearing you meant to tell my wife."

**The Traveller.**  
By Richard Le Gallienne.

WAS moonrise on the tenth of May?

I called his name and bade him sit.

"Old friend, we meet at last!"

All strange and dark and tall he seemed

Under the rising moon—

He turned and said: "I never dreamed

That we would meet so soon.

You are too young to be my friend—

All hope and boyish breath—

Are you quite sure you know my name?"

"Your name," I said, "is Death!"

The Widow, the Man, the Money and Matrimony.

By Helen Rowland.

(From "The Widow," published by the Dodge Publishing Co., New York.)

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W HAT rhymes with "matrimony?" inquired the widow, taking her pencil out of her mouth and looking thoughtfully through the fringes of her pompadour.

"Money," responded the bachelor promptly, as he flung himself down on the grass beside her and proceeded to study her profile through the shadows of the maple leaves.

"The widow tilted her chin scornfully. "I suppose they do sound alike," she condescended, "but I am making a poem; and there is no poetical harmony in the combination."

"There is no harmony at all without it," remarked the bachelor shortly. "But how on earth can you make a poem out of matrimony?"

"Some people do," replied the widow loftily.

"On paper!" sneered the bachelor. "On paper they make poems of death and babies and railroad accidents and health foods. But in real life matrimony isn't a poem; it's more like a declaration of war, or an itemized expense account, or a census report, or a cold business proposition."

The widow bit the end of her pencil and laid aside her paper. If the bachelor could have caught a glimpse of her eyes beneath the lowered lashes he might not have gone on; but he was studying the sky through the maple leaves.

"It's a beautiful business proposition," he added. "A magnificent money-making scheme; a—"

The bachelor's eyes had dropped to the widow's and he stopped short.

"Go on," she remarked in a cold, sweet voice that trickled down his back. "Oh, well," he protested lamely, "when you marry for money you generally get it, don't you? But when you marry for love—it's like putting your last dollar on a long shot."

"If you mean there's a delightful uncertainty about it?" began the widow.

"There's nothing half so delightful," declared the bachelor, "as betting on a sure thing. Now, the man or woman who marries for money—"

"Earns it," broke in the widow fervently. "Earns it by the sweat of the brow. The man who marries a woman for her money is a white slave, a bond servant, a travesty on manhood. For every dollar he receives he gives a full equivalent in self-respect and independence, and all the things dearest to a real man."

"A real man," remarked the bachelor, taking out his pipe and lighting it, "wouldn't marry a woman for her money. It's women to whom marriage presents the alluring financial prospect."

"Oh, I don't know," responded the

widow, crossing her arms behind her head and leaning thoughtfully against the tree at her back. "In these days of typewriting and stenography and manicuring and trained nursing matrimony offers about the poorest returns from a business standpoint, of any feminine occupation—the longest hours, the hardest work, the greatest drain on your patience, the most exacting master and the smallest pay, to say nothing of no holidays and not even an evening off."

"Not a chance to give notice! If you don't like your job," added the bachelor sympathetically.

"If the average business man," went on the widow, ignoring the interruption, "demanded half of his stenographer that he demands of his wife he couldn't keep her three hours."

"And yet," remarked the bachelor, pulling on his pipe meditatively, "the average stenographer is only too glad to exchange her position for that of wife whenever she gets."

The jangle of gold bangles, as the widow brought her arms down from behind her head and sat up straight, interrupted his speech.

"Whenever she gets?"

The widow picked up her ruffles and started to rise.

"Whenever she gets—ready," finished the bachelor quickly.

The widow sat down again and leaned back against the tree.

"How perfectly you illustrate my point," she remarked sweetly.

"Oh," said the bachelor, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "did you have a point?"

"That marriage is something higher and finer than a business proposition, Mr. Travers, and that there are lots of reasons for marrying besides financial ones."

"Oh, yes," agreed the bachelor, "there is folly and feminine coercion and because you can't get out of it, and—"

"As for marriage as a money affair,"

pursued the widow without waiting, "it's just the money side. It that causes all the squabbles and unhappiness. If they've got it they are always quarrelling over it, and if they haven't got it they are always quarrelling for it."



A REAL MAN WOULDN'T MARRY A WOMAN FOR HER MONEY.

marriage; if the man would state the services he requires and the woman would demand the compensation she thinks she deserves."

"Ugh!" shuddered the widow, putting her hands over her eyes, "that would be like writing your epitaph and choosing the style of your coffin."

"And every man," pursued the bachelor, "would be willing to give his wife his board and room and a salary adequate to her services and to his income."

"And to let her eat with the family," jeered the widow.

"Well," finished the bachelor, "then marriage wouldn't offer the poorest return."

"But don't you see," argued the bachelor, sitting up suddenly and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "that all that would be eliminated if people would make marriage a business proposition? For instance, if two people would discuss the situation rationally and make the terms before marriage wouldn't offer the poorest return?"

"I have a picture here dating from 1750, which shows that cosmetic surgery was practised in those days just as it is now. The person who is being operated on is a man. He is having crow-feet around the eyes cut out. This ought to show that men's vanity is not a modern evolution, but men are getting vain from year to year."

After I had left the doctor I went to the men's outfitting department of one of the big stores.

"I don't ask me," said the floorwalker. "I don't like to go back on my own sex. But any one of the clerks in the haberdashery section will tell you that men are as fussy as or more fussy than women when it comes to buying their clothes. Men's love of adornment is

confined to such a small sphere that they can only express it in socks, ties, pins, shirts and waistcoats; but the average man is twice as particular about the shade of his socks or the fit and color of his waistcoat as a woman would be about the same articles of apparel, and when a man gets on a very handsome pair of socks you can be sure that he displays them to the best advantage."

"I saw a customer of ours coming down the subway with a pair of very fine blue silk socks on his feet. He pulled up his trousers a little, spread out his feet and allowed as much of the violet expense to show as he safely could. You always see a man call attention to a good pair of socks as he may be wearing, or to a handsome ring on his finger, or a good-looking scarf."

your husband in this, the second type of my twenty undesirable, put the blame where it belongs.

You are an attractive woman yourself. Yet do other men surround you with undesirable attentions? Do they recommend sales for you, or tell you of bargain tales in lingerie? You should think not!

Well, the cases are exactly parallel. And don't let the Husband That Interests Other Women bribe or jolly or bully you out of that belief.

**THIS MAN Was a Little Too Gallant**

ON his homeward trip by trolley a tired business man was much annoyed by the conduct of three middle-aged ladies who stood near him. They were evidently just returning from a summer tour. All the seats in the car were occupied, but they seemed determined that he should offer one of them his seat.

He screened himself behind his paper and listened to plainly audible remarks about the decline of gallantry in the present age. This grated on his nerves, so he arose, and with a profound bow addressed the three.

"Will the oldest of you ladies honor me by accepting my place?"

Whereupon they became interested in the advertisements over the windows and the man triumphantly resumed his seat.

**LOVE HAS NO FOES.**

LOVE has no foes; where'er he goes conditions full of mildness meet.

And amber honey-cells are filled, and little birds begin to build, and blossoms gather at its feet—

Love is so sweet!

Love has no foes; who only knows what Love hath been when Love is fled.

Is fiered, he berolt, would follow him, Tho' to the voiceless caverns dim, Of the wan city of the Dead, And share his bed!

—Florence Earle Coates in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

O, Man, Man, What a Vain, Foppish Thing You Are!

By Diane de Morgny.

WHICH is the vainest sex? Let the question be answered by those who are in a position to know.

I called upon a doctor the other day who makes a specialty of cosmetic surgery. I found his reception room filled with men. And my first question was to ask him why so many men were waiting at the factory of beauty.

"Of course, actors have to keep their looks. That's part of their business. But merchants, salesmen, inventors, lawyers, every kind of business man seems anxious to preserve not so much their good looks as their youth."

equally strong in the other half of the race.

"Summer time," continued the doctor, "brings out the men's vanity. Perhaps that is because the women are out of the city and the men have more leisure and time to fix up, but you'd be astonished to find the class of men who come here to have their wrinkles removed, to have the bags cut out from under their eyes and all signs of age and dissipation erased by surgery or any other method that will do it."

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"What's that your poem?" inquired the bachelor as he watched the breeze carry the fragments away over the grass.

The widow shook out her ruffles and picked up her hat.

"You've taken all the poetry out of it," she retorted, as she fled toward the house.

The bachelor looked after her undecidedly for a moment. Then he leaned back lazily and blinked up at the sky between the leaves.

"And this," he said, softly, "is the white man's burden."